

The Old Triangle

Rapalje

The Old Triangle
(traditional)

A hungry feeling came o'er me stealing
As the mice were squealing in my prison cell

Chorus:
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

To begin the morning a screw was balling
Get up you bowsies and clean out your cells

Chorus

In the female prison there were sixtytwo-thousand and a
half women
And amongst them I wish I did dwell

Chorus

I pray to Jesus he'd raise the wages
Up from eighty-five pence up to two pound and ten

Chorus